SHE TRIED TO STRUGGLE LOOSE, BUT HE HELD HER MERCILESSLY. SUDDENLY HER EYES RIVETED ON THAT CURTAINLESS WINDOW AND SHE UTTERED A TERRIFYING CRY.

bled with excitement as he read the accompanying letter:

November 10, 1919.

The Deer Sheriff Enclosed please

The Deer Sheriff Enclosed please please please please please ple

"You stay here in from what see you."

She obeyed, watching him make what poor meal he could from the contents of her bag.

The silence was broken only by the noises of his lips as he ate ravenous with sinking heart it also came to her that if Hap Ruggam had made her tracks and were still within that snow-bound world. Not a sound her tracks and were still within the primal, the see you."

"Yes."

"You're goin' to find out."

"You're goin' to find out."

"You're goin' to find out."

"You won't get no money shootin' me."

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"You're goin' to find out."

"You won't get no money shootin' me."

"You won't get no money shootin' me."

"You's won't get no money shootin' me."

"You's won't get no money shootin' me."

"You's won't get no

She said it in such a way that he eased the hammer back into place and lowered the gun. For the moment again she was safe. In response to her terrible need, some of her latent Yankee courage came now to whispered hoarsely, overwhelmed aid her "I don't see what you're

latent Yankee courage came now to aid her. "I don't see what you're making all this rumpus about," she told him in as indifferent a voice as she could command. "I don't see why you should want to kill a friend who might help you—if you're really in need of help."

"I want to get to Partridgeville,"

with spered noarsely, overwneimed with horror. For the cold, sharp nose of the revolver suddenly punched her neek.

"I ain't leavin' no traces behind. Might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. Never mind if I do——"

"Look!" she cried wildly. "Look, look, look!" And with her free hand "I want to get to Partridgeville,"
he muttered after a moment.
"You're not far from there. Howlong have you been on the road?"
"None of your business"

"If you'll put up that gun and let e get off this snowshoe and pack, il share with you some of the food from his grasp and blotted out the candle.

me get off this snowshoe and pack, I'll share with you some of the food I have."

"Never you mind what I do with this gun. Go ahead and fix your foot, and let's see what you got for grub." The man resumed his seat. She twisted up her tangled hair, replaced her toque and untied the dangling snowshoe.

Outside a tree creaked in the frost. He started in hair-trigger fright. Creeping to the window, he peered cautiously between casing and blanket. Convinced that it was nothing, he returned to his seat by the table.

"It's too bad we couldn't have a fire." suggested the woman then. "I'd make us something hot." The stove

Outside a tree creaked in the frost. He started in hair-trigger fright. Creeping to the window, he peered cautiously between casing and blanket. Convinced that it was nothing, he returned to his seat by the table. "It's too bad we couldn't have a fire." suggested the woman then. "I'd make us something hot." The stove was there, rusted but still serviceable: available wood was scattered. hot barrel burned her palm. She was on her feet in an instant. Her left hand fumbled in her blouse,

she was on her feet in an instant. Her left hand fumbled in her blouse, and she found the flash-lamp.

After a trying time unfastening the frosted knots of the ropes that had bound the knapsack upon her back, she emptied it on the table. She kept her eye, however, on the gun. He had disposed of it by thrusting it into his belt. Plainly she would never recover it without a struggle. And she was in no condition for physical conflict.

"You're welcome to anything I have," she told him.

"Little you got to say about it! If you hadn't given it up. I'd took it."

"Suppose I won't?"

"Suppose I won't?"

conflict.

"You're welcome to anything I have," she told him.

"Little you got to say about it! If you hadn't given it up, I'd took it away from you. So what's the difference? "Suppose I won't?"
"Til kill you."
"What'll you gain by that?"
"Five thousand dollars."
"Then you know who I be?"
"Yes."

THE SUNDAY STAR, WASHINGTON, D. C., COTOBER S, 1921—PART 4.

THE FACE IN THE WINDOW

By, WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

Milestrated by Norman Anthery.

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A Typing Wife—An Intendit Hubbon—The Med of Money—An Escaped Cornicl—The Offered

A Structured a Statistic of the Stati

"Look!" she cried wildly. "Look, look, look!" And with her free hand she pointed behind him.

It was an old trick. There was nothing behind him. But in that instant of desperation instinct had guided her.

Involuntarily he turned.

With a scream of pain she twisted from his gream and hotted out the

tears, to have wives and babies, to possess mothers who will help them get to Canada regardless of what their earthly indiscretions may have

At this revelation the gun point wavered. The sight of those tears on his face sapped her will power even as a wound in her breast might have drained her life blood. have drained her life blood.

Her great moment had been given her. She was letting it slip away. She had her reward in her hand for the mere pulling of a trigger and no incrimination for the result. For a

bit of human sentiment she bungling the situation unpardonably fatally.

The gun sank, sank—down out of the light, down out of sight.

And the next instant he was upon

ner. The flash-lamp was knocked from

cotety's hand against him, realizing to had played a bad game to the mit and lost, two big tears creeping down his unshaved face, waiting or the end.

"Three children!" she whispered like hair were moving—rising, fall-ing.

for the end.

"Three children!" she whispered faintly.

"Yes."

"You're going back to see them?"

"Yes, and my mother. Mother'd help me get to Canada—somehow."

* * * *

CORA McBRIDE had forgotten all about the five thousand dollars.

She was stunned by the announcement that this man had relatives—a mother, a wife, three babies. The human factor had not before occurred to her. Murderers! They have no license to let their eyes well with the across to let their eyes well with license loading the mechanically to the western wall. He finished loading the revolver by the sense of touch. Then:

Spurt after spurt of fire lanced the darkness, directed at the Thing in the western wall. He finished loading the revolver by the sense of touch. Then:

Spurt after spurt of fire lanced the darkness, directed at the Thing in the western wall. He finished loading the revolver by the sense of touch. Then:

Spurt after spurt of fire la

fired from an earthly gun the mur-dered deputy's ghost, arisen in these winter woods to prevent another winter woods to prevent another slaughter, was impervious.
Ruggam saw; he shrieked. He broke the gun and spilled out the empty shells. He fumbled in more cartridges, locked the barrel and fired again and again, until once more it

again and again, unit was empty.
Still the apparition remained.
The man in his dementia hurled the weapon. It struck the sash and caromed off, hitting the stove. Then Hap Ruggam collapsed upon the floor.

* * * *

THE woman sprang up. She found the rope thongs which had bound steel-taut nerves, she tied his hands; she tied his ankles; she connected the

The flash-lamp was knocked from her hand and blinked out. It struck the stove and she heard the tinkle of the broken lens. The woman's hand caught at the sacking before the window at her shoulder. Gripping it wildly to save herself from the onslaught, she tore it away. For the second time the revolver was twisted from her raw fingers.

The man redred upward, over her. "Where are you?" he roared again and again. "I'll show you!"

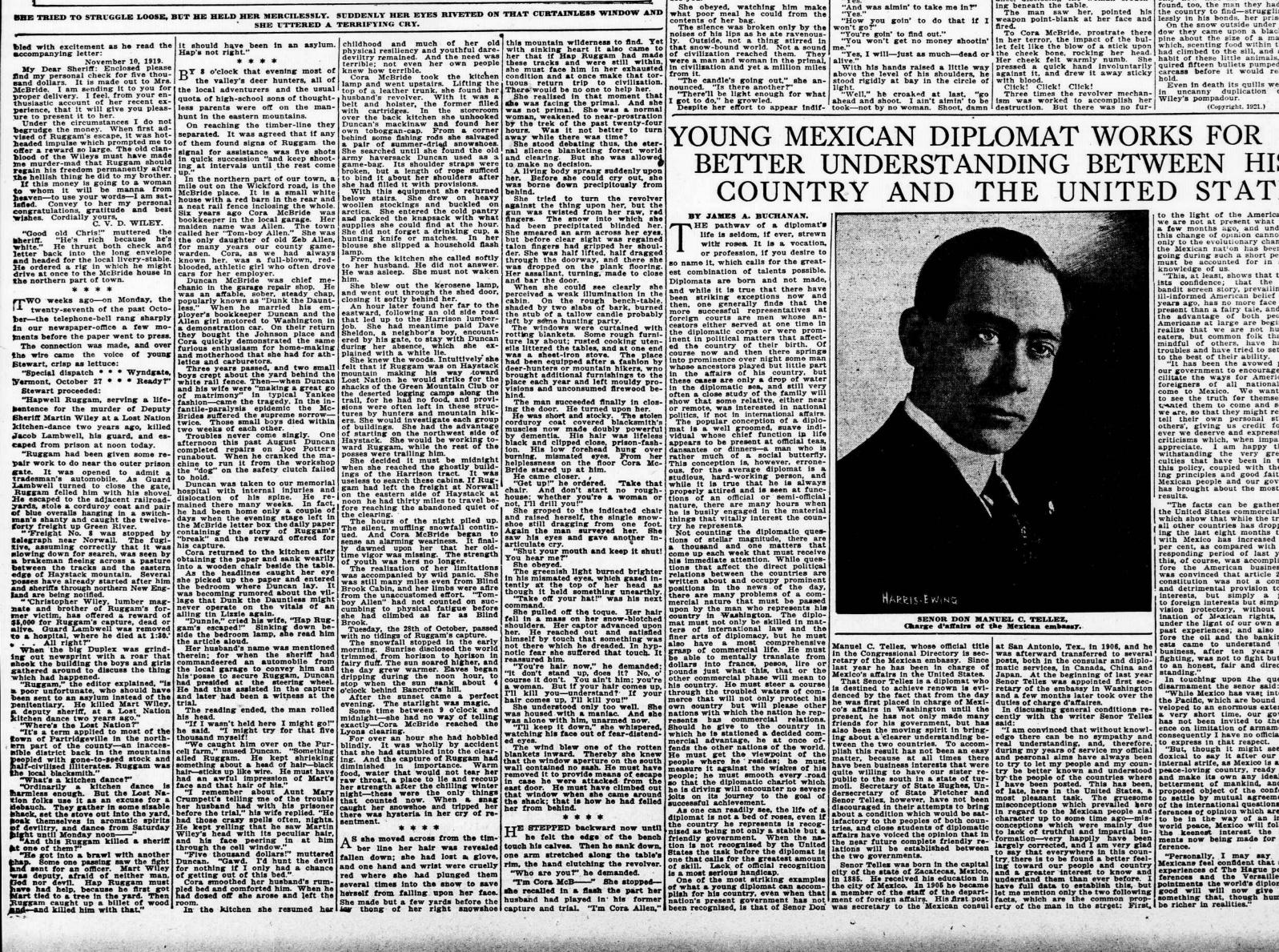
Outside the great yellow moon of early winter, arising late, was comping up over the silhouetted line of purple mountains to the eastward. It illumined the cabin with a faint radiance, disclosing the woman crouching beneath the table.

The man saw her, pointed his weapon point-blank at her face and fired.

To Cora McBride, prostrate there in her terror, the impact of the bul.

COUNTRY AND THE UNITED STATES

"Have you had any food?"



The reading ended, the man rolled his head, and the service of the

to the light of the American press, we are not at present what we were a few months ago, and undoubtedly this change of opinion cannot be due only to the evolutionary changes that the Mexican nation has been undergoing during such a short period but going during such a short period, but must be accounted for in a better

must be accounted for in a better knowledge of us.

"This, at least, shows that there exists confidence; that the Mexican bandit screen story, prevailing in the ill-informed American belief of a few years ago, has no more face value at present than a fairy tale, and that, to the advantage of both people, the Americans at large are beginning to realize that we are not human-life eaters, but common folk that, while mindful of others, have had their troubles and have tried to settle them to the best of their ability.

"It has been the avowed policy of our government to encourage and facilitate the ways for Americans and foreigners of all nationalities to come to Mexico. We wanted them to see the truth for themselves; we trated them to come and see us as we are, so that they might return and tell their own personal story, not there' griving us credit for what

we are, so that they might return and tell their own personal story, not others', giving us credit for whatever we deserve and expressing their criticisms which, when impartial, we appreciate. I am happy that notwithstanding the very great difficulties that have been in the way, this policy, coupled with the unfailing principles and good faith of the Mexican people and our government, has brought about the most fruitful results. "The facts can be gathered from

the United States commercial reports, which show that while the trade with all other countries has dropped, during the last eight months the trade with Mexico has increased over 60 per cent, as compared with the cor-responding period of last year, and responding period of last year, and this, of course, was accomplished be-fore the American business world was convinced that article 27 of our constitution was not a confiscatory and detrimental provision to foreign interests, but simply a provision to foreign interests but simply a proto foreign interests but simply a pro-vision protectory, without discrim-ination of Mexican rights, dictated under the light of our own sorrowful past experiences; and also long be-fore the oil and the banking inter-ests came to understand that our business, after ten years of hard fighting, was not to fight but to come to an honest, fair and direct under-standing."

In touching upon the question of disarmament the senor said:
"While Mexico has vas; interests on
the Pacific, which are bound to be dsveloped to an enormous extent within